

What a weird place Hawkins is by Zeros_Lullaby

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/F, F/M, Gen, M/M, Multi

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Carol Perkins, Dustin Henderson, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Robin Buckley's Father, Robin Buckley's Mother, Steve Harrington, Tammy Thompson, Tommy Hagan, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Jonathan Byers & Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers & Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers & Steve Harrington & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers & Will Byers, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley & Billy Hargrove, Robin Buckley & Jonathan Byers, Robin Buckley & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Robin Buckley & Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley & Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

Based on Stranger Things this fan fiction will depict some "what if...?" scenarios, like bisexuality and non-canon relationships, but mostly the known story this time from Robin's perspective. Some interactions may also happen which haven't happened in the show.

What a weird place Hawkins is

Tuesday, November 8, 1983

As I walked into Hawkins High School the very first thing coming to my attention is the small group surrounding Steve Harrington, including girlfriend Nancy Wheeler, Barbara Holland, Tommy Hagan and Carol Perkins.

"Oh God. Look." Carol's voice quietly echoed through the halls, or at least it felt like it did as the five of them turned around.

Following their eyes I could recognize Jonathan Byers putting up posters.

"Ah God, that's depressing." *Yeah Steve. Your disgusting behavior is even more depressing,* I thought to myself.

As Steve, Carol and Tommy looked at Jonathan in disgust, sweetheart Nancy Wheeler looked confused.

"Uhm, should we say something?"

"I don't think he speaks."

"How much do you want to bet he killed him?"

If I didn't know better I would have approached Tommy and slapped him right in his bratty face.

"Shhhut up!" I honestly thought it was Steve Harrington being nice for once, but I knew it couldn't be for too long.

As I waited for what would happen next, Nancy was already setting foot after foot approaching Jonathan. From afar I could make out Jonathan's younger brother, Will Byers, on the poster. Thinking of Tommy's words, I expected it to be something like a "Have you seen me?" note but I wasn't so sure as I didn't mean to come to any quick solutions.

Now, the poster was blocked by not just Steve Harrington's piss squad but also Nancy herself. Despite her small stature she positioned herself just way too well. As if that wasn't enough, she and Jonathan were talking in a quieter voice. Not that it'd be any of my business.

After a couple of minutes I was finished stuffing books into my locker as I saw Steve and his shitshow entering a different hallway. Now I was finally able to take a look and yep, my actual thought was correct.

Showing two different pictures of Will, one closeup and one a bit further away, the poster was describing the vanishing of Will Byers,

or at least when he was last seen and what he wore then. I quickly wrote down the phone number just in case I could help.

As Jonathan was heading for the doors, I quickly followed.

“Hey, wait!”

Jonathan turned around, confused but keeping his head low.

“I’m... So sorry what happened.”

Jonathan looked up, his eyes covered by his bangs and mumbled something along “Thanks.”

“If there’s anything I could do to help...”, oh great Robin. You could look out for Will. “Scrap that. I mean if you need to hang out some time or whatever. Here.”

I opened my bag, pulled out a pen and my notebook and quickly scribbled my phone number onto a piece of paper.

“Just, give me a call.”

Hesitantly, Jonathan took the piece of paper and smiled.

“Thanks. I mean it. Thanks.”

“High School can be hell. Especially with jerks like Steve Harrington, sorry you had to hear that.”

“Hear what? Not that I couldn’t imagine...”

As I stuffed my stuff back inside my bag, Jonathan was looking at me. His eyes were dark, reddened from crying and I wanted to hug him so badly. I knew it wouldn’t make a difference since we’re basically strangers despite our few classes together.

As I was already running late for classes all I saw was Jonathan leaving as I hurried into Mr. Hauser’s class.

“Robin. You’re late.”

I looked around and stared right into the snickering face of Steve Harrington. Oh, fuck me, right next to his just had to be Tammy sitting.

“Sorry Mr. Hauser, I ran into a... Private issue.”

If I mentioned Jonathan, I knew it would have ended in a few snickers and gossips and I wanted to keep him out of that. I knew he would understand as I’m always allowed to stay or enter whenever I need to, so he just nodded and I got to my seat, quickly taking out all my stuff.

School went over fairly quickly to my relief, so I jumped onto my bicycle (which was actually my mom’s as it’s covered in flowers. What a hippie).

I got my Walkman from inside my bag and put on my headphones. "Greetings." Said the metallic, female voice before it continued. As I tried learning as many languages so *Operation Croissant*, as I called my plan to travel to Europe, could end up as a success, I put in a Russian tape for now.

"Доброе утро"

"Доброе утро" I repeated. "Good morning", I translated for myself.

"Добрый вечер" "Good Afternoon"

Russian was by far much more difficult than French. Or Spanish. Even Italian was much easier. But well, I wouldn't be Robin Buckley if I wouldn't accept any challenge.

"A boy called and asked for you."

"Welcome home too, mom."

I was literally not expecting *this* as a welcoming, but I took it as it is.

"Did that *boy* leave any name? Or a message?"

Instead of saying anything, my mom stepped aside to reveal Jonathan sitting inside our living room.

"Uhm hey. I didn't mean to..."

Jonathan got up and I quickly threw my bag aside which made my mom giggle even though she wanted to curse me as I hit her ankles.

"No it's alright. Uhm, where should we go? We could go upstairs?"

"Sure. Unless it bothers you or your mom I mean."

Mom hid her grin behind a hand as she shook her head.

"Seems like mom's not bothered."

"Let's go then." Jonathan chuckled and I could swear, if I weren't into girls, I would fall for that.

Taking the steps upstairs we quickly ended up in my room.

"Just feel like home. Sorry for the mess, it's my *creative mess*."

Jonathan smiled again, and I could feel like he was thankful for that friendliness.

"Your mom seems to be happy that you get to hang out after school." Once more, Jonathan chuckled, and his eyes were covered by his bangs.

"Seriously, your bangs live their own life. If they could talk, they'd compliment you more than they already do."

Pushing his bangs away, Jonathan continued.

"Thanks. Yours aren't too bad either."

I blushed as I pushed mine behind my ears.

“Any clues where Will could have gone?”

I broke the not-so-silent silence and waited for Jonathan’s reaction. His face went pale as if he’s seen a ghost. No pun intended but I should work on my respect.

“Nothing. I’ll try and see what I can do. You know, maybe I could find something leading to Will’s whereabouts.”

I nod and take Jonathan’s hand. Not that I’ve ever done anything like that, but I’ve seen it in many movies. It apparently calms people down and gives them security.

“He’ll be found. I promise.”

As I couldn’t have done much anyways, I gave Jonathan a smile and he replied with a weaker smile. Good enough, Robin.

Author's Note:

Here's my first Stranger Things fan fiction! I wanted to write one for quite some time but didn't want to make it just around my favorite ship (which is Stonathan) so instead I'll see what I can do.

Hope you enjoy, suggestions and criticism is equally welcomed! <3